

A COPY OF VERSES

Made by that Reverend Man of God Mr. John Wilson, Pastor of the
first Church in Boston; On the sudden Death of

M^R. Joseph Brisco,

Who was translated from Earth to Heaven Jan. 2. 1657.

*Not by a Fiery Chariot as Elisha was,
But by the Water, which was the outward cause:
And now at Rest with Christ his Saviour dear,
Though he hath left his dear Relations here.*

Joseph Briscoe } Angra
Job cries hopes. }

THere is no Job but cries to God
And God his ear in Christ; to
Out of the deeps to him I cry, O God!
And unto me his gracious
Doubt not of this ye that my death bewail
What if it did so strangely me assail:
What if I was so soon in Waters drown'd;
And when I cry'd to men, no help I found:
There was a God in Heaven that heard my cry,
And lookt upon me with a gracious eye:
He that did pity *Joseph* in his grief,
Sent from above unto my soul relief:
He sent his Angels who did it conveigh
Into his Bosom, where poor *Lazarus* lay:
Let none presume to censure my estate,
As *Job* his Friends did stumble at his Fate:
All things on Earth do fall alike to all,
To good Disciples, which on God that call;
To those that do blaspheme his Holy Name,
And unto those that reverence the same:
He that from nature drew me unto Grace,
And look'd upon me with a Fathers face:
When in my blood upheld me to the last,
And now I do of joyes eternal tast.
Remember how *Job* his gracious children Dy'd,
As also what the Lord did beside *Jonah*:
What was the end of good *Josiah's* life,
And how it fared with *Ezekiel's* Wife:
Remember what a Death it was that Christ
Could take for me, the Darling of the highest;
His Death of Death hath quite remov'd the sting,
No matter how close where the Lord doth bring
Us to our end, in Christ who live and die
And sure to live with Christ eternally.